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JOSEPH R. KEMP, Bladen county.  
Dr. SHERWOOD, Strickland's Depot, Duplin county.  
A. S. KOSKOW, Richland, Onslow county.  
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For the Journal.  
MESSRS. EDITORS—I notice in your columns an article from the pen of "Robeson," speaking as he hopes (and no doubt thinks) the sentiments of this District with regard to a Convention, and re-election of Hon. W. S. ASKE. My purpose is not in opposition to the claims of Mr. ASKE; I only wish to inform Mr. "Robeson" that he is mistaken in regard to the sentiments of some in this District, especially upon the subject of holding a Convention.

I, for one, say we should hold a Convention, and, as briefly as possible, render my reasons for the same, which are conclusive to my own mind if not to that of "Robeson."

He says that "Mr. ASKE is undoubtedly the man, therefore solicit him and let him again be our candidate." These are "Robeson's" opinions.

In the first place, I will ask, who are the persons to solicit Mr. ASKE? The first article in our bill of rights is as follows: "All political power is vested in and derived from the people only." If so, I ask, who are to assume the responsibility of answering for the freedom of the District in this important question?

In this article I wish to be understood as not in any wise alluding to Mr. ASKE. By no means. If I were, I should wrong myself and him. He is a man whom some "delight to honor," and one whose political career has been marked with success, and whose devotion to his party has I doubt not, been unsurpassed. I feel proud in saying that the Honorable Representative deserves the unanimous thanks of his District, and more especially of Wilmington, for his able and patriotic defence of her interest.

But to my subject. Again, I ask who are to be the arbiters in this controversy? Surely some one appointed by the proper tribunal. Of whom is this tribunal composed? The answer of "Robeson" seems to be that some influential man should take the responsibility. (perhaps himself) and say to Mr. ASKE, you are the people's choice—or, otherwise, you are my choice, and the people shall vote for you. These are "Royal notions." I demur to such logic myself.

You, Messrs. Editors, as many of your readers do, recollect the principles that were advocated in the Convention that framed our constitution, and were sought to be incorporated in that immortal document. There were men in that Convention who maintained that the rich and well born should govern. They asserted that the common people (the sovereigns of our land) had no right to govern; and insisted that they had not retained virtue and intelligence sufficient to have a voice in our public councils. But thank Heaven there were pure patriots there, such as a WASHINGTON and a JEFFERSON, who rebuked this vile spirit, and asserted that the people had retained virtue and intelligence sufficient to govern, and that the rich and well born should not govern; and such is now our constitution; guaranteeing equal rights and equal privileges. Such, sirs, were the principles advocated by some when our country was, as it were, in its childhood. Then I am not surprised to hear them in this day and age of our country. But I am sorry to say that they exist even in this District.

It is no common thing for a few individuals to select a man, and say to the people you must vote for him. I say it is a humiliating fact, that the pride and aristocracy of our land is one grand cause of our discontent. I hope I may be pardoned in saying that a little of this royalty exists in my own county. I feel reluctant in thus speaking my opinions so freely and so plainly, but the times and circumstances demand that all such attempts to trample upon the rights of man should be obliterated from our land. This is a country in which merit, and not money, is the passport to honor and office, therefore let every man speak for himself; and as that cannot be done *visu voce*, let each County delegate their authority to certain individuals by them selected—then let those delegates, in common council assembled, select whom they believe to be the choice of the people.

I maintain that the poor laborer as well as the rich farmer, the industrious mechanic as the proud merchant, should have a voice in these matters which affect their interest as much as any; and above all, that it is an inalienable right bequeathed them, which they ought to enjoy. This is the first reason that I wish to urge for calling a Convention. I have not addressed it to those royal gentlemen; I only speak of things as they are, and as they should not be. I wish every citizen to know, and knowing maintain his rights.

The second reason that I wish to advance for a Convention is to ascertain whether or not we are united; and I maintain this can be accomplished only by a Convention—not of the royal few, but of delegates deriving their authority immediately from the people. And there are other reasons which urge the necessity of a Convention at this important period in our country's history. These are portentous times, and demand that we should watch with a jealous eye every movement of our public officers. The whole Union is in commotion. The North is the avowed enemy of the South while she maintains the right to protect herself from all and any insults that may be offered. We behold in two extremes of this mighty republic (the brightest that has ever been raised to cheer the hopes of oppressed man), individuals and communities, and even States, arrayed against the constitution and the Union. The first act was committed in Boston, the land of a WEBSTER. Other States avowed their determination to repeal the fugitive slave law; violation after violation was committed; but still we hear no response from the Executive Department. After a while South Carolina takes of secession; she feels the insults heaped upon the whole South, and talks of leaving the confederacy, because, as she maintains, the contract to which she became a contracting party has been broken. Then we hear the proclamation of the President to the Bostonians. We also hear the voice of WEBSTER, speaking in thunder tones, the law will be enforced.

The question now arises, has a State the right to secede from the Union. This question has so often been discussed by the great men of our land, that I feel a delicacy in saying anything about it; but from the request of a friend, I will give my views as briefly as possible.

The constitution says that "no State shall, without the consent of Congress, enter into any agreement or compact with any other State—or engage in war unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay." The first clause of "agreement and compact" is without any conditions; the second admits of two conditions. The first is imperative, the second dilatory. This is the only

clause of the constitution, as I conceive, that bears on the point in question.

The tenth article of amendments to the constitution is as follows—"The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited to any of the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people." This, I conceive, bears directly on the clause I have just quoted from the second article of the tenth section of the constitution. The power of a State to engage in war or to assume an independent sovereignty, is prohibited by the constitution only under such circumstances as will not admit of delay.

The question then arises, will present circumstances justify a State to secede from the Union? I think not. Under the strict letter of the constitution, and in obedience and maintenance of its mandates, a State has no right to withdraw from the Union.—And I further maintain that, under the constitution as it now stands, no State can secede at all. The question of secession, it appears to me, does not rest here.

If the constitution was entered into by each State as a contracting party, which I maintain it was, then I submit that a State has the right to secede whenever that contract is broken. The question then is, has that contract been broken. This I shall not presume to answer in my limited space.

Your readers may say that I have digressed from my subject. By no means. These are questions that immediately concern us, therefore we should meet in Convention and consult together, and there decide who is the man that is best able, and will most effectually, maintain our rights.

In conclusion, let me say that I hope this District, as well as all others in the State, may unite in one concert of action, and thereby maintain the position we now occupy. With the best hopes for my country's welfare, I bid you adieu.

PALMA NON SINE PULVERE.  
Sampson county, March 10th, 1881.

**Arrival of the Steamer Asia—Seven Days Later than Europe.**

New York, March 14—P. M.  
The steamer Asia arrived off Sandy Hook last night, and reached her dock at Jersey city this morning. She brings Liverpool dates to 1st instant, and London to 28th ult., being one week later from all parts of Europe.

The steamer does not possess much interest. The Duke of Wellington spoke of as the next Premier to succeed Lord John Russell.

France remains tranquil. The political news generally is without anything of very striking interest. It is denied in the *Moniteur* that Napoleon designed reviewing 600,000 troops on the Boulevards.

The anniversary of the French revolution was very generally observed, and passed off very quietly throughout France.

The plan of the Austrian intervention has been dismissed in the Cabinet Council. The Federal fortress is to be occupied by an Austrian corps.

It was rumored that an Austrian expedition was about proceeding against Switzerland.

The late rumors of warlike measures in Prussia have been contradicted by the Ministerial papers.

Prussia and Bavaria agree that all the Austrian provinces be returned to the German Confederation.

The Turks have defeated the Egyptians in several skirmishes.

From the New-Orleans Delta.

**The Jury in Case of Gen. Henderson.**  
The following very funny record of the impression of one of the Jurors in the late case of Gen. Henderson, was found on their table, after the jury left their room:

"The Jury are unanimously opinionated (sap one) that Henderson never flung that brick; and if he did, he threw it from Yucatan, and that he was right two times in carrying said brick 'o'er the waters' to Yucatan, that is, because de brick was his, he having paid for it as much, for the article as a d—d sight more'n 'twas worth, say fifteen thousand dollars—no export duty on same, neither. Twice right, because de brick couldn't have been flung, and consequently couldn't have hurt the few remaining and monstrous spawns of the d—d Spanish Inquisition—if the arm to fling hadn't acted in concert with the hand that carried it into the project. When we respectfully inquire of the evidence as to that fact, viz: whether the arm—the bone and the muscle—the material lever—had such an entertainment, and such a desire, in this, the Eastern District of Louisiana, said evidence answering for said arm, says emphatically 'No sir!'"

"Mr. Jackson says his voice was for war—his conscience and his purpose. Two youths, with the bark on 'em, that Mr. Jackson selected them to fling it blind; but that the amiable enterprise of flinging a brick, had not been present to their intelligent part. No, no—that would have been an apparition with a danger looming about that would have frightened them from the property, and from such muscular exertion. Then that voluminous idea'd and smoothly-running current of a fellow in the way of tongue, said that he would be sworn to never said a word against Cuba—never give color or judgment to the idea that he was willing for Spanish music. The expansion of republican strength was his aim, to be sure, and he had leaped into the Hellespont on our manifest destiny, and shouted like an old Buckeye on a hot coal, because of his partake in the progressions of the age; but peace was his intention.—He was for the peace and arts of that benignant, and natural, and holy state of the Filibuster, rampant chancery, and the shock of savage bat'e. He was for an expedition to dig on the banks, and under those rivers

"Whose foam is amber,  
And their gravel gold."

So, evidence proves no concert. Who divests the Creole crowd of the chief characteristic of an organized military expedition? Aye, of a military expedition. Aye, of even a simple expedition. An expedition, according to Webster unabridged, means a party intending and going to act together in furtherance of some object—and if the character of this crowd is to be gathered from what the law compels the Jury to judge—that is, the evidence—we may as well decide it was a Cuban affair; when it left this jurisdiction as a Cuban one; but, Lord bless the evidence, that would be a most successful and successful war, because it makes twelve republicans to go to bed in a locked-up room, on the chairs, tables and benches—with the order don't go to sleep—don't play eucher—don't look at a paper—your undutiful citizens. I say Lord bless such a body or such a law, which ever it is that throws such a brick as that into our physques and our private temperaments, for I can't say I have got just to say that I scribble this, true, because I have nothing else to do. D—n a bung jury—sitting up all night, too; and shut up now, just because the Court orders us down to render up to Caesar our opinion of John Henderson; but bless my own soul, I can multiply reasons for the acquittal of that innocent, much injured, and patriotic republican and southerner, like the vernal season multiplying its leaves—like free principles and free men, are first crowded despotic monarchies, and multiplying the God's earth. Time up—nuf sed.

**Cradle Song.**  
Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Over the rolling water go,  
Come from the dropping-moon and blow,  
Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to his posson;  
Rest, rest, on thy mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west,  
Under the silver moon;  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

SCENE IN A GROCERY.—Exit customer with a jug. Grocer keeper to his sons—"Jonathan, did you charge that rum?" "Yes," "Timothy, did you charge that rum?" "Yes sir," "Joseph, did you charge that rum?" "Yes sir—re." "All right—do you have I?"

**A Bird Story.**  
BY JACK HUMPHRIES.  
In nearly all yards or plays in which Yankees figure, they are supposed to be "a little less than d—d cute" for almost anybody else, creating a heap of fun, and coming out clean ahead; but that even Connecticut Yankees—the cutest and alfredest tight critters on the face of the year, when money or trade is in the question—are "done" now and then, upon the most scientific principles, we are going to prove.

It is generally known, in the newspaper world, that two or three wooden nutmeg branded Yankees, a few years ago, started a paper in Philadelphia upon the penny principle, and have since realized a splendid fortune, all around. They were and are men of great enterprise and liberality, as far as their business is concerned, and thereby they got ahead of all competition, and made their pile. The proprietors of the *Leit* were always "fly" for any new dodge by which they could keep the lead of things, and monopolize the news market. The telegraph had not "turned up" in the day of which we write—the mails, and now and then express horse lines, were the media through which *Great Excitements* and *Alarming Events*! *Great Fires* and *Awful Calamities*! were at once sent to the public.

One morning, as Swain was sitting in his office, a long, lank gentleman, with a visage as hatched-faced and keen as any Connecticut Yankee on record, came in, and enquired of one of the clerks for the proprietors of that institution. Swain being pointed out, the thin man made a lean towards him. After getting close up, and twisting and screwing his head to see that nobody was listening or looking, the lean man sat down very gingerly upon the extreme verge of a chair, and leaning forward until his nose made nose almost touched that of the publisher, in a low, nasal, anxious tone, says he:

"Air you one of the publishers of this paper?"  
"I am, your name is Swain."  
"Oh, you air?" said the visitor, again looking suspiciously round and about him.

"Did you ever hear tell of the Pigeon Express?" he continued.  
The Pigeon Express?" echoed the publisher.

"Yes," said the Carrier Pigeon—letters to their l-e-g-s and newspapers under their wings—trained to fly anywhere you want 'em."

"Carrier Pigeons," mused the publisher—"Carrier—Pigeons, trained to carry bullets—bulletins, and—"

"Go from fifty to a hundred miles an hour!" chimed the stranger.

"True, so they say, very true," continued S. musingly.

"Elegant things for gettin' or sendin' noos, head of everybody else."

"Precisely, that's a fact, that's a fact," S. responded, rising from the chair and pacing the floor as though rather and decidedly taken by the novelty and feasibility of the proposition.

"You'd have 'em all, Mister, dead as mutton, by a Pigeon Express."

"Like the idea, good, first rate!" said Swain.  
"Can't be beat noweh!" said the stranger.  
"But what would it cost?"

"Two hundred dollars, and a small wagon to begin on."

"A small wagon?"  
"Y—s. You see, Mister, the birds have to be trained to fly from one point to another!"

"Wa—al, you see the birds are put in a box, on the top of the bilbin', for a spell, till you get the hand of things, and so on."

"Yes, very well; go on."

"Then the birds are put in a cage, the trainer takes 'em into his wagon—ten miles at first—throws 'em up, and the birds go to the bilbin'." Next day fifteen miles, and so forth, you see?"

"Perfectly, I understand, now where can these birds be had?"

"Putting his thin lips closer to the publisher's pendant ears, in a low, long way, says the stranger—  
"I've got 'em, down to the tavern, where I'm stopping."

"Bring them up, let me see them, let me see them!"

"Certain, Mister, of course," responded the Pigeon Expressman, leaving the presence of the tickled-to-death publisher, who paced his office, as full of effervescence as a demijohn of spruce beer in dog-days.

About this time, pigeons were being trained, and a few cases, now and then, really did carry messages for lottery ticket vendors in Jersey City, Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore; but these exploits rarely paid first cost, and did not amount to much—although some noise was made about the wonderful performance of certain Carrier Pigeons. But the *Leit* was to have a new impulse—automobiles all creation and the rest of mankind, by their Pigeon Express. Swain's partner, Simmons, was in New York, fishing for novelties, and Swain determined to astonish him on his return home, by the bird business! A coop was fixed on the top of the "bilbin'" as the great inventor of the express suggested.

The wagon was bought, and, with two hundred dollars for funds, passed over to the pigeon expressman, who, in the course of a few days, put the birds in his wagon to take them out some few miles, throw them up, and Swain and a confidential friend were to be on the top of the "bilbin'," looking out for them!

They kept looking!—They saw something, not very like a whale, but a good deal like a first rate bat—*Sell!* The lapse of a few days was quite sufficient to convince the publisher that he had been taken in and done for—regularly picked up and done for, for the most approved and scientific principles. Rather than let the cat out of the bag, the publisher made up his mind to pocket the state and keep shady, not even "letting on" to his partner, who, in the course of the following week, returned from Gotham, evidently feeling fine as silk, about something or other.

Well, Simmons, what's new in New York. Did you find the kind of anything rich?" was Swain's first interrogatory.

"Hi-i-h-i!" close the door!" was the reply, in a cautious tone, indicating something very important on the tapis.

"S. my dear fellow, I've got a concern, now, that will put the sixpennies to sleep, sound as rocks!"

"No. What have you started, something in Gotham?"

"Exactly. If you don't own up the corn, that the idea is grand—immense—I'll know it!"

## Agricultural.

From the Southern Cultivator.

**Askes on Fresh Land and Coast Culture.**  
Mr. ASKE.—The value of ashes as a manure, though generally conceded, is not, I am sure, sufficiently appreciated; else why are so many thousand bushels annually wasted over the new grounds of the South? Forests are felled, logs and brush piled and burnt, and the ashes suffered to lie just where the heaps have been fired; destroying the productiveness of these spots for several years. A little labor employed in scattering the ashes with some uniformity over fresh lands, would almost double the value of the crop.

Let me give you one year's experience in this matter, with the hope that other young planters may be induced to try the efficacy of ashes on new lands.—Something more than a year ago, I moved to this place—literally in the woods—not a building up, nor an acre of cleared ground on the premises. After putting up the necessary buildings, I found that I should not have time to get in a sufficient quantity of my hammock land, owing to the difficulty of clearing it. I selected for my cotton, therefore, about one-third pine, and two-thirds oak land. It was cut down during the winter, logs and brush burnt the latter half of March and first week in April, and the ashes raked up into conical heaps. Cotton rows were immediately laid off with scissor plows, seed rolled in ashes, drilled, and covered with two furrows by the same plows. The ashes were spread at the rate of some 50 bushels per acre, sometimes from 2 to 5000 bushels.

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From the last of April till the first of July, we had an almost uninterrupted drought. There was scarcely a square in my fields, and the cotton was small and yellow. When the showers set in, it grew off rapidly, and branched and fruited equal to old land.

Indeed about the 10th of August, good yield was estimated that it would yield a bale per acre. Somewhere between the 10th and 15th, the boll worm made its appearance, (or what we term the boll worm), destroying almost the entire crop of squares, from the 15th of August to 15th September. After the latter date, few or no squares made anything in this section, in consequence of the *Fall drought*, which continued from 31st of August till the middle of October.

Notwithstanding these disasters, which left my cotton a fruiting season of only six or seven weeks, and that the freeze in November cut off my crop about 200 lbs. per acre, by destroying green bolls, which a simple frost would not have injured—I have picked out about 800 lbs. per acre of seed cotton.—

A word about planting cotton. From 2 to 5000 pounds per acre, may be inclined to smile at this result; but it should be borne in mind, that *first year's* lands, of similar quality with mine, (that is, pine and oak land), do not average more than four or five hundred pounds per acre, in this section. And a small spot in my field on which no ashes were spread, judging from the appearance of the cotton, could not have yielded at that rate.

Not about planting cotton close. Seven or eight years ago, I had an acre of old, exhausted land, but recently open-cleared, broken up with turn plows, and planted in corn, as an experiment, on the 15th day of April, which is late for this region. The rows were laid off three feet wide, corn drilled, and at first hoeing, stalks left about one foot apart in the drill. It was hoed twice, but a plow never touched it after planting.

It grew tall and rather spindling, but every stalk produced a fair ear—many two, the ground! and the corn was accurately measured, and the yield was seventy bushels, minus a peck. The land had been in cultivation some 20 years, red soil, clay within 6 or 7 inches of the surface. The following year, the same acre produced an indifferent crop of cane, from which I should infer that it was not uncommonly rich. It should be remarked that the season was very propitious, showers being of frequent occurrence from the last of May till the end of the season.

Other occupations have left me no opportunity of trying the experiment since, and I know not, therefore, how it would succeed in dry season. As soon as my lands have acquired a little age, I will renew the experiment on a large scale, and inform you of the result.

Before closing, allow me to inquire: How can I obtain a few ears of the Doutra corn? And does it benefit land?

Can you, or some of your readers, inform me, from actual experiment, whether, on a hill side, it is best to lay off the rows horizontally, or straight up and down the hill, or with such gradual descent as will carry the water into the drain ditches? Of course, the proper number of hill-side ditches to be cut in either case, is a question.

Prairieville, Madison Co., Fla., Jan., 1881.

From the Southern Cultivator.

**Sweet Potato Culture—Extraordinary Yield.**

Mr. EDITOR.—Believing that the following extraordinary yield of sweet potatoes, with the system of culture adopted, would be interesting to your readers, I furnish the same. To those of us living on the seaboard, the potato crop we consider very important, and our planters have devoted no little attention in ascertaining the best system of culture. The subjoined account, as you will perceive, was furnished by one of its members, Mr. G. B. DEAN. I would further remark, that the gathering of the potatoes was under the supervision of a committee, of which I was chairman.

"In 1848," says Mr. D., "I cow-penned some old worn-out lands filled with carpet grass, and in July I planted the same in slips. In the Fall of the same year I dug the potatoes, and turned in hogs, which, by rooting, turned up and exposed the roots of the grass to the winter's cold. In the month of January, 1849, I listened to in five feet rows; in February, I plowed up the alleys, and in March I bedded up the ground, and planted sweet potatoes about the 25th. I put 20 bushels to the acre, or 5 to the task, taking good care to have both ends cut off, and cutting the seed two or three inches in length, placed them 2 inches apart in a trench 3 inches deep, covered deep. So soon as the potatoes began to come up, I shaved off the tops, and the grass, which was about 2 inches high, was cut off, and the potatoes were all up some 3 or 4 inches. I listed down with the hoe some 3 tasks to the hand. Four days after, I run two furrows with the Ruggles plow, and drew up the bed, being careful to place the dirt well under the potatoes. I allowed them to remain until the vines were about 12 inches long; I then listed down again near to the plant very lightly, turning up the fine soil. After nine days I dug them to remain for two days, I broke up the alleys by running one furrow with the double mould board plow, deep in the centre. I then bedded up closely, returning the vines to their places carefully with the hand. I did nothing more, except to pick over, in the month of June, all the grass. The yield was 100 bushels to the acre, and the quality was such that the rate of eight hundred and forty bushels to the acre."

G. B. DEAN.

You will perceive, Mr. Editor, that his whole crop did not turn out in accordance with the above. As a committee, we measured only one fourth of one acre; judging, however, from the appearance of the balance, we suppose that his crop would not fall very far short of the above. I have neglected to mention that the potato planted was the ordinary *Yam*; the soil high and sandy.

In addition to the above, Mr. Editor, you will confer a favor on some of your subscribers by informing us, through the columns of your valuable paper, of the process for making the ordinary *Pine-Gum Soap*. The attention of many of our farmers being turned to the manufacture of turpentine, any information respecting the above, would be valuable.

I have in my possession the yield of one acre of corn, reported to our Society, for which a prize was awarded. If the above potato yield proves interesting, it shall be at your disposal.

Respectfully yours, S. W. M. D.

REMARK.—We shall be pleased to receive the report referred to by "S. W. M. D." We must leave the inquiry of our correspondent about pine gum soap, to be answered by some of our readers familiar with the process.

IRISH POTATOES—PRESERVING SEED.—A correspondent of the Massachusetts *Ploughman*, writing from Saratoga, gives the following account of an experiment in the culture and preservation of Irish potatoes, by Col. Greene, of Hutchinson's Island, near Savannah. After describing his visit, and sta-

ting the difficulty in preserving the seed in this climate, he says: "His (Col. Greene's) method is, to let the potato remain in the hill, until wanted for seed, then dig them, cut them in quarters, and dry them one week. Next week he will begin to plant; and they are now (Jan. 1st) digging the seed. In every hill there are two crops! I myself saw new potatoes taken out of the same hill where the old ones were perfectly sound, as large as a common-sized hen egg. He has about six acres that he left for seed, and from which, in addition to old, for seed, he thinks to get from 40 to 50 barrels of new for the market."

Oh! Sing to me softly, my Sister.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.  
Oh! sing to me softly, my sister,  
And smile on me, darling, to-night,  
For my soul is encompassed by darkness,  
And shut from the kingdom of light!

I walk in life's valley of shadows,  
Where the fountains' low murmurs are still,  
Where swiftly through gray mist and vapor,  
Are gliding pale phantoms of ill.

Thy voice, like the clear thrush of silver,  
That winds through the still grassy lane,  
Shall steal through my heart's silent chambers,  
And awaken their music again.

Far away from the clouds of the present,  
In the Eden of memory's isle,  
What visions of peace and of beauty,  
Shall my spirit of sadness beguile!

Once more I will rove with sweet fancies,  
And think the sweet thoughts of a child;  
Once more I will gather Youth's roses,  
The fairer because they are wild.

And the light which I know is immortal,  
That shone on young life's dewy hour,  
Shall steal from its crystalline portal,  
And brighten fair memory's bower.

Then sing to me softly, my sister,  
And pour out thy heart in the strain,  
Till I dream that the beautiful voices  
Of childhood are singing again.

So my heart shall grow better and purer,  
And strength to us both shall be given,  
To work out a priceless salvation,  
And sing with our children in Heaven!

From Sartain's Magazine.

**The Seasons.**—BY EDITH MAY.  
Spring is the sweet soul of the shrouded year;  
Psyche, the butterfly, with painted wings,  
Forth issuing from the story lips of death.

Summer's a queen, that to the sun's pavilion  
Comes with rich gifts and odors, and a train  
Of rainbow-girdled showers, like Eastern almas,  
With tinkling feet, all musical with soft bells.

Autumn's a stag, that, hunted through the hills,  
By the keen hound-like winds, flies, dropping blood,  
Or stands at bay in the full pride of beauty.

And Winter 'minds me of some lone, wild bird,  
That, wandering from the Arctic, makes its nest  
In solitary fens, seeking for food  
The red marsh berry, and the mailed blade  
Of the young, tender branch, or, at last,  
Striking its sharp bill through the polished ice  
Into the wave below. It hath no song,  
Only a few wail notes; and when the sun  
Melts in shining pools the snow that lies  
In the rock crevices, it will go north,  
With the white water-fowl, that, trooping, fly  
In ranked battalions through the gates of March.

Life in Oregon.

Capt. Lowellyn Jones, of the Mounted Rifemen in Oregon, writes home to New York a sketch of incidents and times in the far-west, highly entertaining. He writes:

Four hundred emigrant wagons have arrived in Oregon this Fall, and six hundred more are on their way. The surplus population of California is also tending this way. There is no measure to the misery existing there now, and the country is full of the disappointed gold seekers, who may destitute but industrious, is to come and settle upon the rich farming lands of Oregon. These lands are easily cultivated, and the market for their productions are the best, at this time, in the world.

There is no such thing as quiet in Oregon life; all is excitement. Everybody is seeking wealth, and no body values it as it is acquired. They literally throw dollars to their children to play with, instead of pennies, and if they fall through the crack of the floor, "qui importe."

My family is quite contented here, for the reason, I suppose, that they find it so much better than they anticipated. It is a hard life for a "lady," from the impossibility of getting female servants. Most fortunately brought with my family an old negro woman from St. Louis, who is valiantly old, almost above price. She is as happy as the best of us.

My little girls, 11 and 13 years old, were at school at the convent kept by the Sisters of "Notre Dame," at Oregon City until May. They are now under the instruction of an